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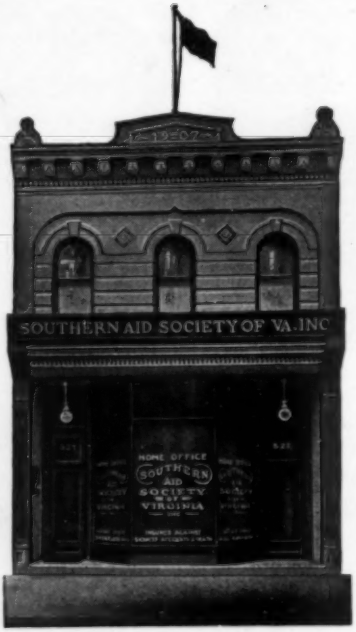

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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 28 No. 6 OCTOBER, 1924 Whole No. 168

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THE NOVEMBER CRISIS

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 28. No. 6 OCTOBER, 1924 Whole No. 168

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

THE AMY SPINGARN PRIZES IN LITERATURE AND ART

WE take pleasure in announcing cash prizes aggregating six hundred dollars, in literature and art, the gift of Mrs. Amy Spingarn.

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Free memberships in the Crisis Guild of Writers and Artists (CRIGWA) will be given all prize-winners and all other writers and artists who show distinct promise. Manuscripts and drawings must be in our hands on or before June first, 1925.

For further details write to the editor.

WHERE WE ARE

THE campaign is on and where are we? For the Republicans, Mr. Coolidge has greeted the Business League, defended by letter the right of a Negro to run for office, appointed a Negro bureau; Hell-and-Maria Dawes has defended the Ku Klux Klan.

For the Democrats, Mr. Davis has attacked the Klan and established a Negro bureau; also he has gained the support of William H. Lewis, Assistant Attorney-General under Taft and college mate of President Coolidge; and of Alice Dunbar Nelson.

For the Independents Mr. LaFollette has attacked the Klan and quoted Abraham Lincoln in defense of the Negro. He has also established a Negro bureau.

And that's that. But, brother, the thing that should interest you is the Congressman from your district. Who are the candidates and what is their record? Get extremely busy and find out. Congressmen are the main issue.

Meantime who are "we"? There were the following Negroes of voting age in 1920:

New England.....	52,315	
Middle Atlantic.....	409,441	
East North Central....	356,341	
West North Central....	187,865	
Mountain	23,881	
Pacific	34,367	
Total		1,064,210
South Atlantic.....	2,111,952	
East South Central....	1,284,069	
West South Central...	1,062,244	
Total		4,458,265
Grand Total		5,522,475

In the second group, the Negroes of Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee vote pretty freely and those of Virginia are partially enfranchised. Adding this population to that of the North we have 2,015,966 Negro voters in 1920 and 3,506,509 Negroes disfranchised in the Southern South. But in

the last four years some of these disfranchised Negroes have moved North. It would be safe to say then that we have about two and a quarter million votes to cast next November.

AN INTERVIEW

I HAVE just had an interview with a young gentleman who desires to remain anonymous. In fact, he was at first rather loth to grant an interview, alleging that he was quite unused to the process. Still, when I spoke of his career he acknowledged that he was "quite a man now. In fact, I will be ten years old next Thursday." After I had solemnly promised, cross-my-heart, not to divulge his identity he consented to talk.

I told him that I understood that he had had some success in teaching parents. He said that he had, but that it was a "tough job!" I appealed to him that there were numbers of little kids and babies coming along who needed the benefit of his wisdom. He said that that was probably true.

He impressed it upon me that he thought a great deal of his parents and wouldn't change them for anything.

"You see, they ain't really to blame. They just don't know. They've been away from Heaven so long that they've forgotten all about it. Now I'm sort of new and fresh so I could tell them a few things. But, gee! It was some work to make them understand."

Sleep

He said that the first lesson that he had to teach his parents was about night and day; and that everybody knows that night is for sleep and day for keeping awake. Well, when he was hardly a week old he found that his folks wanted him apparently to sleep all the time. Of course, he admitted, he was a bit drowsy, what with travelling thousands and thousands and thousands of miles with none too much to eat; but now that he had arrived and was looking around to get acquainted with things, he wanted to see all that he could while there was daylight. Especially he liked the early morning when the sun was getting out of its crib of clouds and little drops of water glistened on the flowers and there was a nice, chilly, cuddly feeling in the world. Always the little birdies called him about that time and he called back as loud as he could and,

"What do you think?" he said, "Dad would growl and snort and thrash about and Mumsy would cry, 'Hush, hush,' and try to smother me and sing me to sleep at five o'clock in the morning! Could you beat it?"

He just got mad and yelled and kept up the yelling. He told his parents in as plain English as he could master, that it was time to be up and asked them what they supposed God made day for anyway. This first lesson of his parents took some time, but after a few months they consented to serve breakfast at five and to let him lie and sing to himself. Of course, he was really singing to the angels and they were singing back and he wanted to have his parents hear and talk to them about it but they were always drunk with sleep.

Meals

The next big lesson that he remembered was about meals. His parents seemed to have the idea that eating was not very important except when they happened to think of it. Of course he knew better. He knew that the first duty of babies is to eat and eat often and eat on time; so that when meals were late he proceeded to raise Ned and it didn't make any difference to him whether visitors were

present or Mother was busy or Mrs. Jones was on the phone. It was eating time and he had to eat. He said he knew it was selfish but that you had just got to be selfish if you were ever going to grow up.

"My stomach hurts something awful when it's empty and I am liable to get sick and weak and dead if I don't eat on time."

It took him about a year to teach this lesson to his parents.

Being Let Alone

He said that the next lesson was more difficult, perhaps because it was more indefinite. It was about being let alone. He didn't mind one of Mother's soft little kisses now and then or a short hug from Dad if it wasn't too hard; but he did seriously object to being continually pulled and jabbed and squeezed. He didn't like to have strangers sticking their wet mouths all over him. He didn't want to be rolled and tossed and tumbled. He didn't always want to be fixed up and dressed. Sometimes he would almost go wild with too much attention. Just as he was having a pretty dream or a big thought or just as he was trying to remember dimly how the archangel's wing shone by the great white throne, suddenly it would be "Darling this" and "Darling that" and he would be half smothered and so angered that it drove the dream and thought all away. Visitors were especially objectionable on this account. They always wanted to "see the baby"; they always declared he was "cute"; they kept him in most uncomfortable positions while they decided whom he resembled. He said that he learned to crawl, walk and run just to escape these ogres. Sometimes he scratched and bit them. He just had to have some time to himself, if he was to be about his Father's business.

Play

He got very much interested when I took up the matter of play. "First eat and then play, that's what a baby's for," he asserted. He declared that parents did not take play seriously unless it was their own play. They forgot about it or they lectured him about it. They didn't mend his toys or didn't buy them. They didn't get the right toys or toys at the right time. They always thought they knew what you wanted to do better than you knew and above all they expected you to play and not get dirty. Now this young gentleman was very dogmatic on the subject of dirt. He affirmed that dirt was natural. "I love mud" was the way he put it. He asserted that the last five years of his life had been given to a struggle to be allowed to be reasonably dirty; that in this terrific battle he had achieved rompers, then gotten rid of lace and curls and finally got the right to play with other children and get as dirty as they did.

"It's funny 'bout other children," he said reflectively. " 'Course I know I'm better than all other children that ever was but why swank about it?" He asserted that there *were* other children and they were the best possible toys to play with and that it was the business of mothers and fathers to furnish such playmates. Brothers and sisters were best because they were always home and ready; but, failing these, children ought to be borrowed and borrowed often and in sufficient quantities. All this took a long time to teach his parents but, said he, "I've got 'em taught. You ought to see the gang in our block!"

Fooling Me

On the next subject my young gentleman got very solemn. "Why do my parents keep trying to fool me?"

he asked. His first indignation on this point came when they gave him rubber things instead of food; when they hid away from him, promising to be "right back"; and especially when they tried to take away the Fairies. That was the worst. He appealed to me as witness that everybody that knows anything knows that there are angels and fairies. Of course he knew it better than most folks because he had so recently come from the place where they live. But it seems that his mother and father were so old that they had forgotten that they had ever seen such things and really thought they were make-believe! So instead of letting the real fairies help them they tried to make up fairies and fairy tales; and our young gentleman had faith in this make-believe until he caught his father playing Santa Claus. Then he really was mad.

A Joke

And this brought out another phase of his parents' peculiar ignorance which called for all his ingenuity as a teacher. They refused to take him seriously. Just because he was a little man they seemed to think he was a joke. He was always supposed to be funny and to be laughed at. Some great fat stranger would heave into sight and explode into gales of laughter when our young hero appeared. On the other hand if he laughed at the grown ups (and they were awful funny at times), *my!* what a serious thing it was! It took long years and a series of tantrums interspersed by whippings before his parents began to take him seriously.

Just about this time, also, they began to talk English to him. Before that and at the very time when he was trying to learn English, they persisted in talking an extraordinary jargon to him that he couldn't understand and didn't want to understand.

Whippings

Finally, and with considerable finesse, I mentioned the subject of whippings. The young gentleman did not want to talk on this matter as it seemed to bring up painful memories. Indeed, he told me confidentially, that he had probably received "more'n a million" whippings. I rather doubted that, but I did not dispute him. He acknowledged that some of these whippings were deserved; that he had been bad and knew it and needed a severe reminder. But most of the times, he asserted, he had been whipped primarily because Dad was mad and Mother was tired and he happened to get in the way. A few times he had been whipped when he was not guilty and this had seriously outraged his feelings. He also asserted that "oodles of other times" he had deserved a whipping and had not gotten it because his parents forgot about it or had eaten a good dinner. He asserted that this was all wrong:

"If Dad is going to be God, he must always be right and if he ain't he shouldn't play at it."

He was of opinion that now that he had reached the age of ten, this whipping business would better stop. It was too uncertain and messy. "I don't mind it so much but it's awful hard on Dad and Mumsy."

So that is how I got the distinct idea from this young gentleman that the business of teaching parents is pretty difficult and that we ought not to leave it entirely to the children. As he said, he didn't mind going on with the business. In fact, he'd probably have to; but he had got a lot of things to do for himself in the next ten years and he hated to be bothered with teaching his parents. On the whole, I venture to suggest a school for parents, especially for parents of children from 0 to 10 years of age.

FISK

I HAVE long faced a most unpleasant dilemma and at last I have chosen my path. I have long known the unfortunate condition of Negro colleges; unfortunate because of small funds, inadequate teaching force and poor equipment. But behind all this I have sensed in certain leading Negro colleges a spirit of treachery to the great and necessary ideals of the American Negro.

For years I have hesitated before this certainty of belief, seeking excuse from a duty of protest that seemed to face me. All my life has been protest and I confess I weary of it. But what may one do in the face of truth and stark duty?

Especially is my relation to Fisk University singularly difficult. It is my college—the shrine of my young years of high idealism and infinite faith. One turns upon one's foster mother with a certain sense of desolation. And too, that *Alma Mater* had its hard path. I had known it in the great day of its greatest leaders —Cravath, Spence, Morgan—firm, fine, splendid souls; souls to whom compromise with evil was death; souls to whom love and sympathy was life.

I grew under these men and women. I think I drew something of inspiration from them. And then as years flew, I saw Fisk change. But I sought excuse. The old guard was dead. The new alliance of Northern Philanthropy and Southern white domination was in control. Fisk needed money. Fisk must have money. The old church missionary sources were dried up. If the new philanthropy gave Fisk money it must be on condition that the policy of Fisk suited the newest South.

What did the newest South demand of a Negro college? Long I watched and waited, hoping that the demand of the South, long advertised as seeing and recognizing inter-racial light and peace, might be such as men could agree on, as colored men could accept. In these years of my waiting Fayette McKenzie became president of Fisk. I knew him. I called him friend. I saw in him a new type of young, scientific philanthropist come to help and re-establish training among Negroes.

I was disappointed. My disappointment has continued as story after story and charge after charge against the policy at Fisk reaches me. I still hesitated. Was I asking too much? Was I impatient with progress? I formulated slowly in my own mind what the higher training of Negro youth at Fisk and elsewhere must demand to live. After thought these seemed to me the essential things:

1. Colored youth must be given a broad vision of truth, encouraged in self-expression and incited to ambition according to their best ability.

2. Colored youth must not be taught to regard themselves as inferior. They must never be asked to seek racial discrimination voluntarily and without protest.

3. The efforts to use the colored college for bringing the races nearer each other in the South must never sacrifice the self-respect of young men and women and their legitimate ambition.

4. Colored youth must be taught by colored and white teachers. Colored teachers alone will intensify racial cleavage; white teachers alone would be drawing the color line in a fatal and all too obvious place.

5. The teachers of colored youth must believe in them. They must have faith in them and their race. They must trust them and encourage them and defend them.

I went to Fisk University last commencement. I saw clearly that in every one of these essentials Fisk was failing. I firmly believe:

1. The vision of Fisk students is being deliberately curtailed by propaganda and discouraging of ambition.

2. They are being humiliated and insulted in order to attract the sympathy of Southern whites.

3. Colored teachers are being dismissed and white teachers of mediocre ability employed.

4. Student activities are being discouraged, self-expression given no scope, discipline is unduly severe and the roll of those sent away and expelled is almost a roll of honor.

5. Finally and above all at Fisk University today the president and most of the white teachers have no confidence in their students, no respect or hope for the Negro race and are treating the students with suspicion and governing them by fear.

These are my conclusions based on visits and interviews and letters. Are my conclusions in accordance with the truth? If they are, Fisk University needs a new president, a reformed Board of Trustees and a reconstitution of its faculty.

THE WAY OF WAR

HENDRIK VAN LOON

ON the fifteenth of March of the year of our Lord 1863, Colonel Sommers, covered with dirt beyond the last stage of recognition galloped down the broad lane which led from the main road to his house. At the door he was met by his wife. She greeted him with the calm dignity upon which the happiness of their married life has been based. Fifteen minutes later she kissed him good-bye. She never saw him again.

During the summer her plantation was burned down by stragglers from the Northern army. Her husband dead, her money gone, the widow went to Atlanta and supported herself as best she could.

Over night the old society of which she had been an integral part had been changed into a well-mannered proletariat. They could not live. Neither could they die. For dying is a very difficult and circumstantial affair.

Out of the calamity which had struck their worldly fortunes, these good people had saved one spiritual solace. The proud and ancient prejudice of their class and race. A prejudice composed of hate and contempt for all those who in some way or other, directly or indirectly, had contributed towards the fall of the great Southern gentry. A prejudice which like a valuable relic was left from father to son.

It constituted the sole inheritance of Jack Sommers, telegraph clerk in a little Southern village and grand-son to the glorious old gentleman who had counted his slaves by the hundred and his rich acres by the thousand and who had died upholding the constitution of the sovereign state of Carolina.

Early in the year 1917 the President of the United States called for volunteers to uphold the constitution of a mightier fabric, that of Jack's new and united country. When the news had come over the wires, young Sommers had dropped his telegraph key. He had borrowed ten dollars from a distant relative and had taken the first train to Washington. After half a cen-

CALEDONIA ROBINSON, NEW YORK CITY

tury the South invaded and captured the enemy's capital.

Curiously enough, the boy discovered that his name still counted for something. He was intelligent and possessed that particular bearing which indicates the making of a very successful officer. He liked his work enormously, for it lifted him back into the ranks of those whom he considered his social equals. He made a mighty effort and within five months, he was appointed a captain.

He got two weeks' leave to show his trim uniform among superannuated uncles and aunts and admiring young cousins, who compared him in a most flattering way to his grand-father. Then he sailed.

Ten days later he landed in France.

Three weeks later his limp figure lay in a shell-hole underneath the barbed wire of a German trench. He had led his men in a charge. The charge had failed. His men were gone. That, therefore, was the last chapter in his new venture of such great promise. The boy said a little prayer which he remembered from the days of his youth. Then he lay down very quietly and waited for the end.

* * *

Death, however, is apt to neglect those who are young and of sound constitution and has no mercy upon their pains. After many hours Jack Sommers awoke to suffer through another day. He stretched himself, for the ground was still frosty and his bed had been hard. Then he lifted his hand. He felt the soft impact of a cover. That was curious. Now he noticed that his body was warm and comfortable, whereas he ought to have been stiff with cold.

"'Wait a moment," he said to himself, "I must go slow in whatever I do. I probably have a fever and am delirious. Of course there is no blanket. Now let me try and reason out what this is all about."

With that he touched his forehead to make sure of the fever which had him in its clutches. His forehead and his eyes were covered with a bandage.

"Good night!" and he spoke aloud and in a half contemptuous voice. "Good night! I have gone crazy. I am dead and I don't know it!"

"That is all right, sir," a quiet voice answered. "Perfectly all right. It is only my coat and a few bandages which I had brought with me."

Sommers turned toward the speaker.

"Hello!" he asked. "And who are you?"

"Jones, sir. Corporal Jones."

"And where do you come from, Corporal Jones?"

Jones continued to answer in monosyllabic staccato. "From our own trenches, sir."

"Yes, I might have guessed as much. You are not very like to have come from the other side. But what are you doing here?"

"I have come to take you home, sir."

"Jones," the Captain said, "I can't see you. But I know that you are laughing at me. Cut it out, my good friend. This is no time for jokes. Be a sensible fellow and tell me what it is all about."

Jones was not in the least dismayed.

"Well, sir, it is all very simple. You see, we missed you when the charge was over. We looked for you all day long but we could not find you. Then we began to keep track of the German snipers. We noticed that they were shooting at just one spot near their own wires. That meant something. Some one they did not like must be somewheres near there. Most likely you were the man they were trying to kill. So I waited until night. Then I crept out of the trench and brought some bandages and some food, and here I am."

"The devil you are!" and after a moment's pause, "Would you let me say thank you to you?"

"That's all right, sir. We always try to get our wounded back, sir."

The Captain smiled. He liked to hear his men talk that way.

"You are a good fellow, Jones," he said. "Now let me sleep for a while. I am very tired."

"Yes, Captain. You had better sleep all day long."

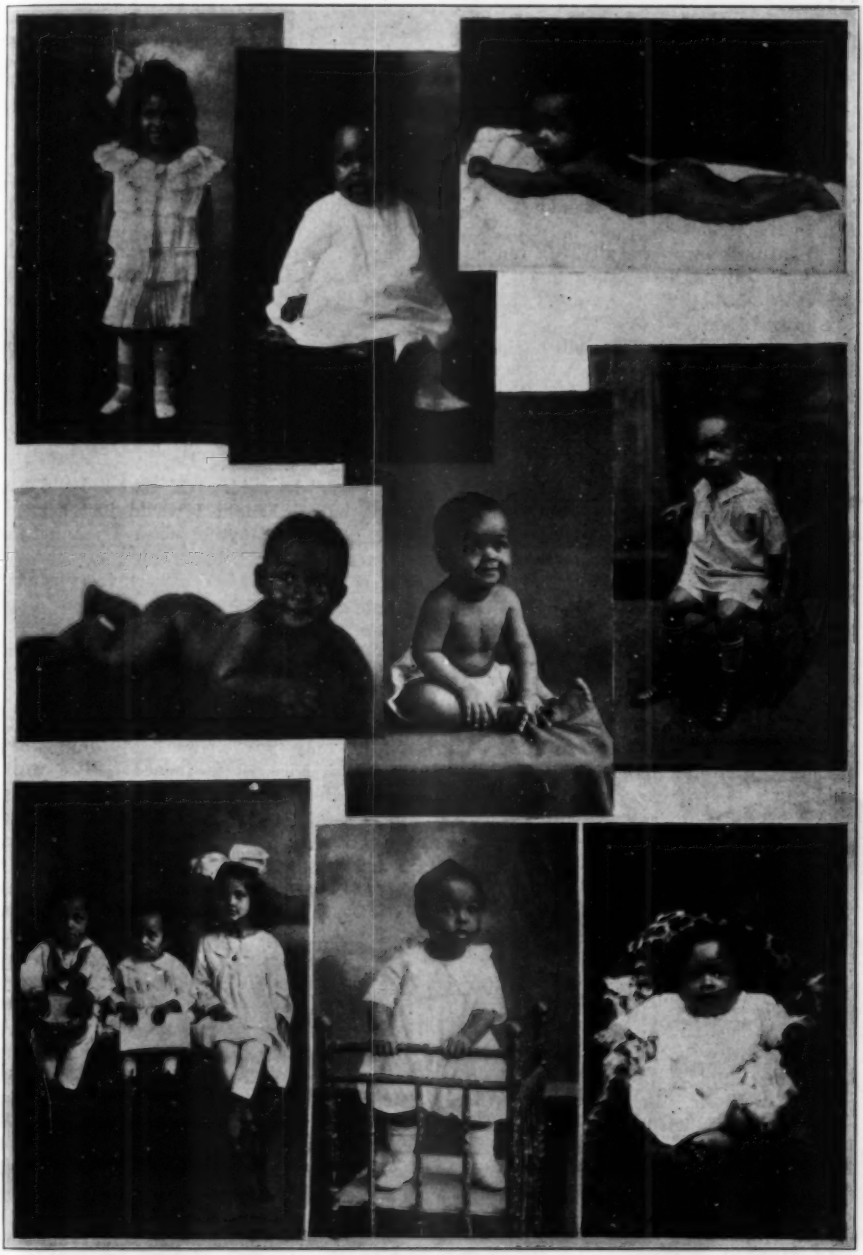
"Why?"

"Well, sir, it is this way. You see, it is now eight o'clock in the morning. The Germans know that we are here. We can't get away until evening. You will need your strength tonight. Please try and sleep, and I will call you when it is time."

It was well past midnight when the Captain came back to life.

"Jones," he asked, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir. Just getting you ready to go home."



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"Home? Oh, yes, I remember. All right. Let's go."

"Yes, sir."

"Of course, you are coming too."

"In a little while, sir. Not just yet. Meanwhile you lie very still and just let yourself go. I brought a rope with me. I have fastened it around your shoulders. The men in the trench have got the other end. They will pull very carefully. In ten minutes you will be back home among your own folks, sir."

"Suppose I refuse to go?"

"You will have to. They will begin pulling at half-past twelve."

"Then I will cut the rope, unless you come too."

"You can't, sir. I have tied your hands with your muffler."

And so he had, for he knew his Captain and he understood the way of this man's reasoning perfectly.

"Jones," said the Captain, "I command you to loosen me at once."

"I won't sir.

"Then I will have you court-martialled."

"All right, sir," and that ended the matter for Jones.

After a moment the Captain asked, "What time is it now?"

"Twenty minutes past twelve, sir."

"Then I have got ten minutes more."

"Yes, sir."

"Let us talk, Jones. It will kill those precious minutes."

"All right, sir."

"Where do you come from, Jones?"

"Carolina, sir."

"That is curious. Same state as I."

"Yes, sir."

"You might stop calling me Sir for a while, you know."

"Regulations, sir."

"All right. Go ahead. Do you know Charlottesville?"

"Very well, sir. Born and raised there, so to speak. Enlisted from Charlottesville, sir."

"Ever hear of the Sommers family in Carolina?"

"Yes, sir. Very often. Very often indeed."

The Captain thought for a moment. "Funny," he said, "that I never met you before."

The regular "Yes, sir" came as a noncommittal answer.

"Jones," the Captain went on, "of course I don't know anything about you except that I owe you my life."

"That's all right, sir. The company used to tell us about the traditions of the regiment, or something like that."

"Never mind the traditions for the moment. Just answer my questions. I don't want to be indiscreet. But who and what are you? Are you a gentleman? Or what do you do? Or where do you come in? I would like to know before I say something else."

"No, I suppose I am not a gentleman, sir. I work for a living. I never went to school very much. I am a painter by profession, sir."

Slowly the Captain tried to unravel his own thoughts.

"Listen," he said. "Of course I did not know, but I thought I would just ask. I have got a job myself when I am not in the army. I am a telegraph operator."

"Yes, sir. I see. You work for the telegraph company."

"Funny, eh?"

"Why, no, sir. It seems a nice profession, so to speak. I am rather out in the open than indoors, but it seems nice work."

"Jonesy," and the Captain laughed quietly, "if only you knew how funny that sounded. Nice work, indeed! Nice work for the Sommers family! What a strange world it is! Grandfather owned everything for thirty miles on both banks of the river. Grandson sits at a little key and ticks away that Bill's grandmother has died and that Charley is coming home with a new wife. And all of that for twenty dollars a week. But what are we to do about it? Just luck! The war. And then all the damned slaves ran away. Money gone. Everything gone. Just pull through and keep alive. Eyes gone too, now, I suppose. And I might have been a rich man if it had not been for . . . Oh, well, it does not matter, I can get a job, even without eyes. I am all right. What am I kicking about? As if I really cared for Grandpa's black slaveys! They can go to the devil. Most likely they are there now."

"Yes, sir. But it is time for you now to get ready. Remember! No noise! I will follow in half an hour. Good luck, sir!"

Whether the Germans had heard the sound of talking or whether it was just bad

Annie and Grace W. Derr
New Castle, Pa.

Jestina Marie Henderson
Chicago, Ill.

Leola Virginia Day
Cleveland, Ohio

Harvey and Edward Harmon
Cambridge, Mass.

Barboursville, Va.
Jesse Ambrose Cobbs

Monette Lane
Parsons, Kansas

Charles H. Hutchings, III.
Macon, Ga.

D. C. Fowler, Jr.
Tyler, Texas

Conchita Mae Porter
Philadelphia, Pa.

luck, I do not know. But at that moment a star-rocket illuminated the sky and a second later it was followed by a terrific detonation. Tons of rock and dirt and pieces of wood and metal flew about. The air was filled with a stinking smoke and fully a minute went by before the Captain could find his voice.

"Why, the lucky devils we are!" he smiled. "They almost got us that time. Never touched us, though. But it was a close call. It surely is time to get out of here. Good-bye, Jonesy, and come as fast as you can. I need you."

"Yes, sir."

"Now remember! If you don't come, or if you let yourself be killed, I shall never get over it and all your work will have been for nothing," and his tone was bantering and cheerful, for safety now lay well within reach.

The voice that answered sounded different. It came from very far away. It whispered, "Yes, sir." Perhaps I will, sir. Anyway . . . I will try. You see, I am afraid they got me this time."

"Jones," and the Captain struggled to loosen his hands. "Jones, for God's sake, listen to reason. You can't die here while I get out alive. Don't you know what this means? You have saved my life. You came out here when all the others kept under cover. That means that we live together or die together. I have never had a brother. I have got one, now."

The Corporal smiled faintly. "I am afraid, Captain, that it would not do."

"Why not, you damn fool?" And as he felt a tug at his shoulder, "I believe that they are beginning to pull. Now listen carefully. We are coming back for you if it takes the whole blame army to charge the Germans. Do you get that? The doctors, they can do anything, nowadays. They will fix you up. And we shall go back home together and people shall know what you did for me. By Gad, I will be proud of you."

Once more the Corporal smiled, for now he did not mind that death was fast coming upon him. He was breathing very hard, but he could no longer speak.

Young Sommers noticed that something was wrong. He struggled to get his hands untied. It hurt and he was not very strong. At last he got himself free. He fumbled in his pocket and found his knife. With this he cut the rope around his chest. Then he turned towards the wounded man and soothed him as if he were speaking to a small child.

"Sh-h-h," he said, when a new detonation shook the earth. "Keep quiet, you poor boy, keep quiet and don't be afraid. I am with you now and I am going to stay."

With his right hand he stroked the forehead of the crouching figure by his side. He tried to brush back the hair from the hot forehead.

"Then he gasped, "Jones . . . Jonesy . . . you poor devil . . . why, you damnedest whitest soul that ever lived!"

For the last time the soldier tried to lift himself from the ground.

"Thank you," he whispered.

And with a smile on his lips, the colored man died.

September, 1918.

INTENTIONS

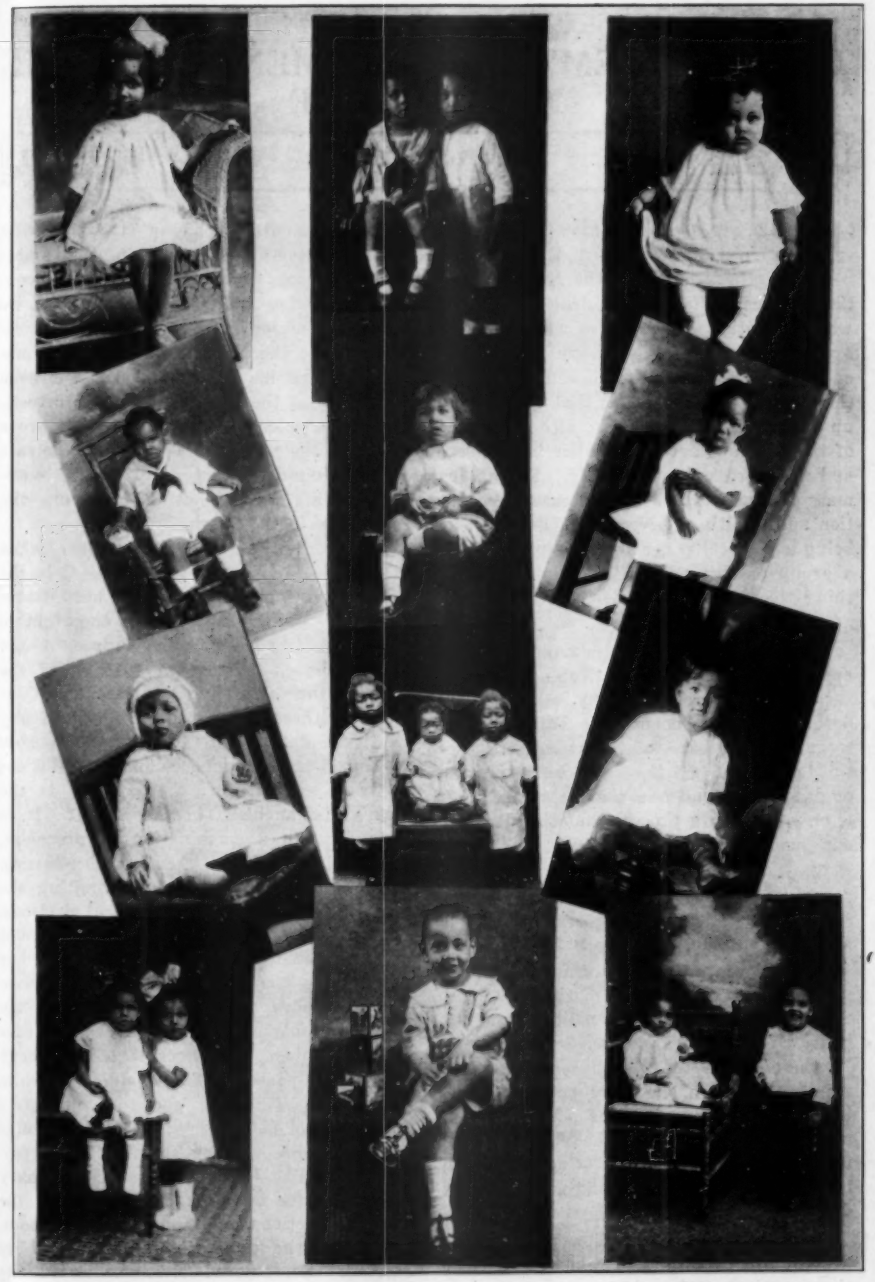
EDWIN MORGAN

THIS fabric of intentions in my mind
Falls like a house made disproportionate;
But with no sound—The flying colours blind
For a brief space.—But now, dispassionate,

I see the horrid pieces all about,
Like a rude puzzle ruined by a blow,
Grim geometric projects in a rout,
Misshapen cuts, and I that laboured so,

Wonder on dull conditions that I wrought
That I might quiet be in this sharp place,
Of the slow posturing of thought on thought,
Of the dim fashioning of dismal grace,

And numbly now through all this mystery
There comes the strangest sense of being free.



Mary Macauley Bennett
Nashville, Tenn.
Thomas Luther Lowrie, Jr.
Miami, Fla.
Hermia E. Meeds
Battle Creek, Mich.
Chamanard and Littia Clinton
Tampa, Fla.

George and Edson Blackman
Reidsville, N. C.
Hugh Raymond Clayton
St. Louis, Mo.
Hazel, Beatrice and Frank Hughes
Gary, West Virginia
J. D. Barnes, Jr.
Portsmouth, Va.

Genelle Beverly Ayres
Columbus, Ohio
Cecile Kirkland Simpson
Las Vegas, Nevada
Mabel L. Hathaway
Maywood, Ill.
Archie and William Syphax
Ithaca, N. Y.

THE GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT AND THE NEGRO VOTE

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

THERE are twelve million Negroes in the United States, born American citizens, yet they constitute the least influential and least effective political unit in the whole country. The Negro demands less by his ballot, not only in actual results but even in mere respect for himself as a voter than any of all the groups that go to make up the American citizenry; although some of these groups are far smaller in numbers and even weaker economically. For all his mass of numbers and his increase in education and wealth, the Negro remains as near being a political nonentity as is possible for a group of citizens in a country with anything that resembles a democratic form of government.

This is a condition that demands analysis and study. This is emphatically true, since the Negro, more than any other group, needs whatever benefits the ballot is able to gain. There are, of course, reasons why this condition exists, and these reasons ought to be found and the facts faced. It is only by such a process that the situation can be changed and remedied.

Why is it that twelve million colored Americans are, in a positive sense, a political nonentity? I say in a positive sense because, negatively, the Negro has been for a hundred years a dominant factor in politics. In the twelve states of the real South the whole structure of politics and all political activities are based on the Negro. In these states the Negro constitutes the prime and, often, the only political issue; indeed, he is the reason for politics. From each of these states men have been elected to the governorship and to Congress solely because in "damning the nigger" they outdid their rivals.

In answering the question raised, it is, first of all, necessary to take into account the practical disfranchisement of the majority of Negro citizens. According to the census of 1920 there were 5,522,475 Negroes of voting age in the United States. Of this number, approximately, 4,500,000 were in the disfranchising states, leaving an approximate 1,000,000 in the states where Negroes vote under the same conditions as other citizens. Here, at once, we have the major reason for the political weakness of the Negro as a group, in comparison with his total number. But even this phase of the question will bear investigation, for colored Americans are too prone to excuse the political impotency of the race on the ground of "disfranchisement," without knowing why or how Negroes are disfranchised in the South.

The average citizen, black or white, when asked how Negroes are disfranchised in the South, will reply that the Southern states have laws prohibiting Negroes the right to vote. The fact is, since the Supreme Court by unanimous decision in 1915 killed the "grandfather clause" in the Oklahoma Constitution there has not been a law in any Southern state as to the right of Negroes to vote in the general elections that did not apply to all citizens. How then is the Negro disfranchised in the South? It is done through a combination of processes. There is, to begin with, the *white primary*. The states cannot make laws limiting the right of Negroes to vote in general elections, without violating the Fifteenth Amendment as interpreted by the Supreme Court, but neither the Constitution nor the Supreme Court touches primary elections; so the states can make such laws as they please regarding them. As a result, the Southern states have passed laws providing for white democratic primaries, and that no party that does not poll a certain number of votes in the general election shall hold any primaries at all. In these states the primary elections have been made to supersede the general elections, and the candidates nominated in the primaries are as good as elected. So, colored citizens, denied the right to vote in the primaries, have no incentive for voting in the general elections.

The question might be asked, "Why do not Negroes in the South vote in the Republican primaries?" They do not because

WASHINGTON, D. C., CHILDREN *Photographs by Scurlock.*

in most of the states of the real South there are no Republican primaries; the law providing that no party not polling a certain number of votes shall hold primaries. But there is a still more important reason why there are no Republican primaries, and it is that *those who control the Republican party in those states do not want primaries.* We now begin to get at the heart of the situation. To understand the situation it is necessary to realize this underlying fact—the Republican party in the South is not a political party, it is an office-holding oligarchy. The bosses are not interested in building up a party, they are interested solely in taking a hand-picked delegation every four years to the national convention, and landing on the band wagon. The only political activity in the so-called Republican party in the South is that involved in contesting delegations going to the national convention. If a Republican president is elected, these bosses have all the federal jobs in the whole empire of the South to parcel out among themselves and their friends. These are fat pickings and are exclusively reserved to, relatively, a very few persons; for the mass of white Southerners are barred by being Democrats. It is here we have the reason for the rise and growth of Lily-whiteism; the white men in the game simply wanted all the jobs.

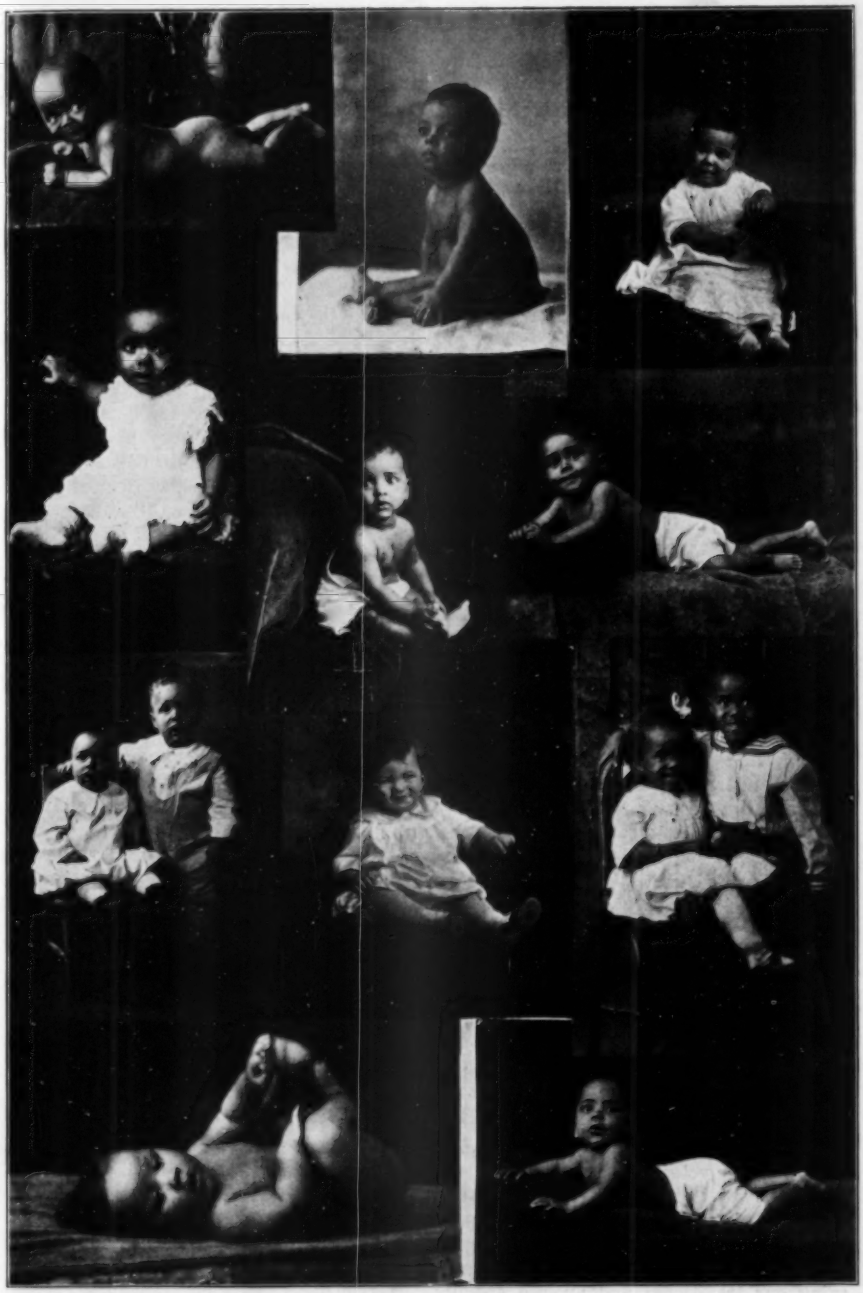
Indeed, not only do the Republican bosses in the South neglect to build up a strong party—they could make a fair beginning with nearly five million Negro voters to draw from—but a strong Republican party is precisely what they do not want; such a party would develop too much competition for the federal jobs. These bosses, without protest, allow the white South to control the local situation and reduce the Negro to a political zero in exchange for full control of federal patronage. This arrangement suits the white South. It is not considered too great a price to pay for the elimination of the Negro.

Other factors in the process by which the Negro in the South is disfranchised are the registration tests, which are wholly in the hands of the white registration officials, who can apply them so unfairly as to disqualify as many Negroes as they wish; the poll tax, which the bulk of Negroes either neglect to pay or see no use in paying; and the state of apathy on the entire matter into which the great majority of Negroes themselves have fallen. Among all these factors, the importance of the part played by the Republican bosses and the attitude of hopelessness on the part of the Negroes themselves must not be underestimated.

That disposes of the masses disfranchised in the South. But what about the colored citizens in the Northern states, where they vote under the same conditions as other citizens, where their votes are counted and count, and where they could, in many instances, wield the balance of power? They are at the present time well over a million in number. Why are they not able to act politically so as to compel respect for themselves as voters, to secure benefits, and serve as a lever to raise their brothers in the South to a higher citizenship status?

They are not able to do so because they are the victims of a tacit, if not expressed, "Gentlemen's Agreement" between the two major parties, by which they are almost completely eliminated as a political force. This agreement provides that the Republican party will hold the Negro and do as litt'e for him as possible, and that the Democrats will have none of him at all. The pathetic thing is that it is the Negro voters themselves who make possible this annulment of the power they hold in their hands. It is possible because practically every Negro vote is labeled, sealed, delivered and packed away long before election. How can the Negro expect any worth-while consideration for his vote as long as the politicians are always reasonably sure as to how it will be cast? The Republicans feel sure of it, and the Democrats don't expect it.

As a race, we are still in the Fourth of July stage of politics. With us, politics is still a matter concerning which we are sentimental. Now, mere sentiment in politics is nothing but sheer bunk. It is the stuff the politicians ladle out for the consumption of the "booboise." For those on the inside, politics is a hard, matter of fact business; indeed, a cold, calculating game. The intelligent voter is one who throws aside at once all the sentimental bunk and tries to get down to brass tacks. Any group of voters who hope to be considered politically because of sentimental reasons are displaying a trait compared with which



H. C. Tate, Jr.
Shreveport, La.
Gwendolyn Cooper
Atlanta, Ga.
Aubrey and Charles Robinson
Madison, N. J.
William Cannon
Chicago, Ill.

Homer Cooper, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.
Franklin Hoxter, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gregory Carter
Providence, R. I.

Gloria Mealey
Boston, Mass.
I. David Pinson, Jr.
Sumpter, S. C.
Anna and Andrew Readding
Jackson, Mich.
Camille Bates
Washington, D. C.

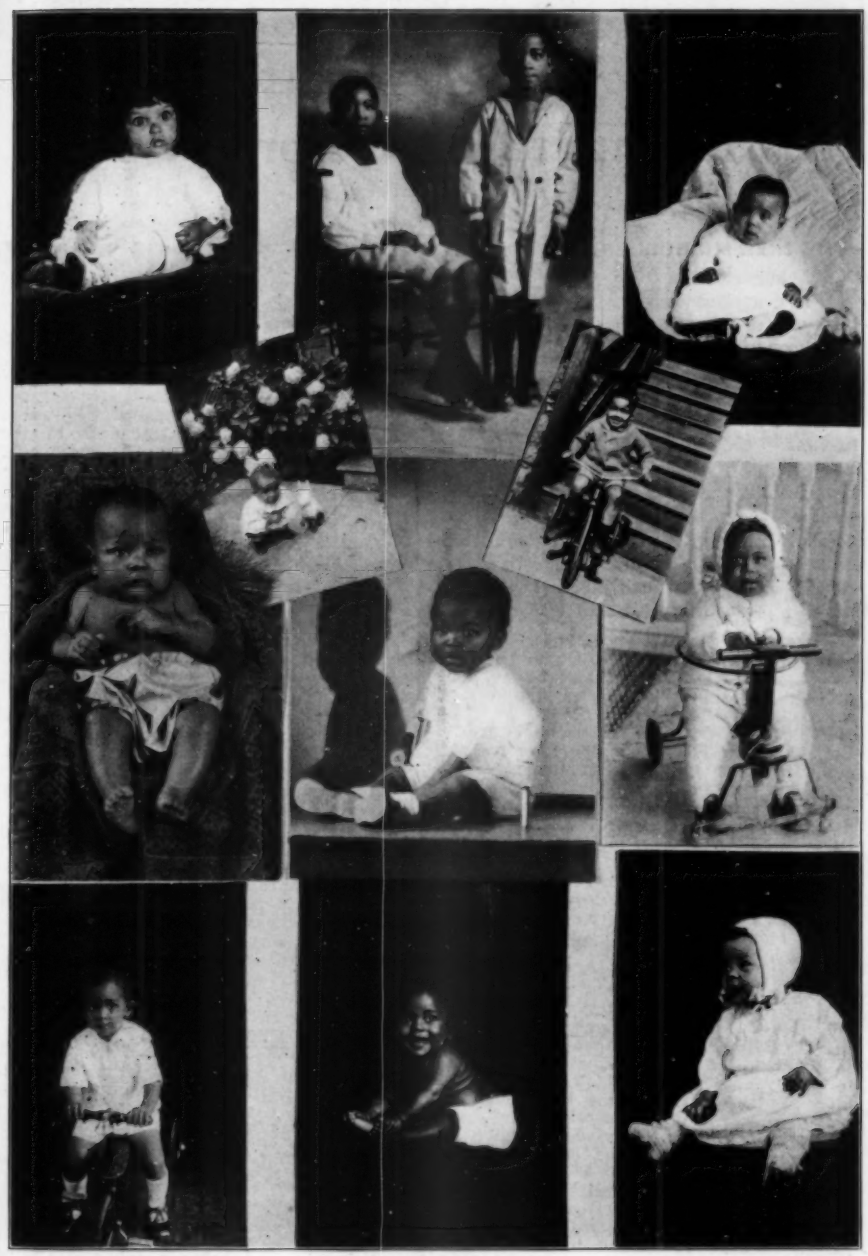
the trust of a little child is as the cunning of a wolf.

The only way for the Negro to begin to gain political importance and power is by smashing this "Gentlemen's Agreement". He must absolutely destroy the idea that because a man's face is dark he has the word "Republican" indelibly written across his forehead and that it is a badge of villenage from which he will never seek to escape, no matter what his lords may do or may not do. He must keep politicians uncertain as to how he will vote; serving notice that the way his vote will be cast depends upon certain pledges and performances. In a word, he must put a higher price on his vote: the price of recognition as a full-fledged citizen, the price of recognition as a participator in the administration of the affairs of his government. This "agreement," which is the crux of the situation, can be smashed if the Negro uses a modicum of political common sense. Politicians are excessively human, and where contests are close agreements mean little. As an example of what can be done, take New York City. The Negro in Harlem has in a very large degree emancipated himself, and become an intelligent voter. The politicians cannot foretell to a dead certainty how much of that vote will be Republican or Democratic or Socialist or for the Third party. Colored Harlem is now represented in the Legislature of New York State by a Negro Democrat and in the Aldermanic Board of New York City by a Negro Democrat. Has this made the Republican party less solicitous about Negro votes? Indeed, it has not. On the contrary, the hard-boiled Republican machine has just designated for that district a colored man as the Republican candidate for Congress. Politicians and parties in New York are anxious as to how colored citizens will vote, and that puts the *higher price* on their votes.

Colored voters in the North tremble and hesitate before the dilemma of voting for apathetic or hypocritical Republicans or voting for Democrats, and thereby strengthening our traditional and avowed enemies in the South; and they settle it by choosing "the lesser of two evils." There are other ways out; there are other parties besides the two major parties. But suppose we yield on the question of supporting "a party too weak to do us any good," and face the dilemma. Boring from within has always been considered effective strategy for weakening the enemy. Suppose, now, that in some of the Northern states where the vote is close, a number of fair-minded Democrats were put in Congress by the colored vote. Would not these men go farther to curb the anti-Negro activities of their Southern colleagues than weak-kneed, sycophantic Republican leaders now go? Would they not be compelled in self-interest to say to the Southern members of their party, "We are here because of colored votes; such and such things you cannot do, or you endanger our seats"? As it is, the Republicans actually gain by Democratic antagonism to the Negro. This is just what they sought to do in the Democratic filibuster in the Senate on the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill.

This "Gentlemen's Agreement" and its effects are, as I said, the crux of the whole situation. When it is smashed we shall be at the beginning of achieving political power; we can do absolutely nothing until it is. It can be smashed in two ways: in the gradual assertion of political independence on the part of the Negro, or it can be done at one blow. The Negro can serve notice that he is no longer a part of the agreement by voting in the coming elections in each state against Republicans who have betrayed him, who are in league with the Ku Klux Klan, who are found to be hypocrites and liars on the question of the Negro's essential rights, and by letting them know he has done it. I am in favor of doing the job at once. There are timid souls who falter at action of this sort; they have such a keen sense about unknown calamities. There were, probably, some Negroes who were dismayed at the Emancipation Proclamation. They thought that slavery was bad and wanted to escape it, but they thought also, when faced with the unknown, that in slavery, at least, their food and clothing and shelter were secure.

But there is an awakening. The Negro is thinking, thinking political thoughts that would have been considered apostasy a generation ago. He is on his way to complete political emancipation, and will reach it sooner or later. When the Negro in the North does this he will have acquired a power which he can use not only for his own betterment but which he can apply to change conditions in the South.



Mary Spalding
Louisville, Ky.

William Mansfield, Jr.
J. Barnett Jordan
Dawson, Ga.

Florence Sinkford
Cleveland, O.

Miss Bowers
New Orleans, La.

Albert Pettis
Atlanta, Ga.

J. S. Stringfield
Buffalo, N. Y.
Jacob Thompson
Charlotte, N. C.

C. E. Davis
Fitzgerald, Ga.
Pearl Jenkins
Hartford, Conn.

David R. Jones, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Vada Lee Parks
St. Louis, Mo.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

THE INEZ MILHOLLAND MEMORIAL

ON August 16th, 17th, 18th, there was held at Meadowmount, the country estate of Mr. John E. Milholland, a pageant by the National Woman's Party in memory of the late Inez Milholland, one of the leading exponents of woman suffrage and a sincere friend of the N. A. A. C. P. in her lifetime. Howard University sent Dean Lucy Slowe and Dr. Emmett J. Scott to represent it, and Mrs. Addie W. Hunton went as a representative of the N. A. A. C. P. Mrs. Hunton's report of the occurrences upon that occasion which have received such widespread publicity in the press is of such interest that we give it in full:

I have been to Meadowmount! It has been a journey full of incident, beauty and pathos. Again I have seen the yellow streak in the Woman's Party!

I reached Wadhams at noon Saturday. Both Wadhams and Westport are about eight or nine miles from Meadowmount. I reached Mr. Milholland by telephone; he quickly sent a car for me and I drove over to Westport where the National Woman's Party was holding its sessions. I registered for the N. A. A. C. P. and went out to lunch feeling a rather cold atmosphere about me. I attended the afternoon session which was given over very largely to the introduction of women who would run for Congress with the support of the Party. After this session I was taken to the "Boulder" on Mr. Milholland's estate where a number of the delegates were stopping and where I had been assigned. That evening Mr. Milholland drove over and took me to his home for dinner. Again I was taken to the evening session which had a rather interesting program for the development of a student and industrial work.

Meantime Dr. Scott arrived to represent Howard and Dean Slowe came in early Sunday morning.

Although I felt no cordiality such as I have been accustomed to at conferences and conventions, I was not surprised or embarrassed because it seemed to me just to represent the spirit of the organization. I tried to make it clear that I was there to show the high regard in which the National Association held the memory of Inez Milholland and because of its esteem for her father. However, I had no intimation of the fact that a conflict was being waged between Mr. Milholland and the officials of the Woman's Party. Indeed I did not know it at the cemetery even until Mr. Milholland spoke to the audience, although he said to me "I am going to do a thing that will surprise you." I thought it meant some form of testimonial.

Mr. Milholland had written Dr. Scott asking him to deliver a short address at the grave. Saturday he said to me he wanted me to speak for the Assoc'ation at the grave. I had prepared a very short talk. However, the Woman's Party, under whose auspices all of these exercises were taking place, said an emphatic NO and in order that the Negroes might not be chagrined, I presume, cut out all speaking at the grave.

They probably knew their man for just as soon as the flowers had been placed on the grave the choir began to lead the march back to the church from which we had ascended to the knoll. Then it was that Mr. Milholland stepped forward to the grave stood for a moment uncovered and a bit shaken and then spoke as follows:

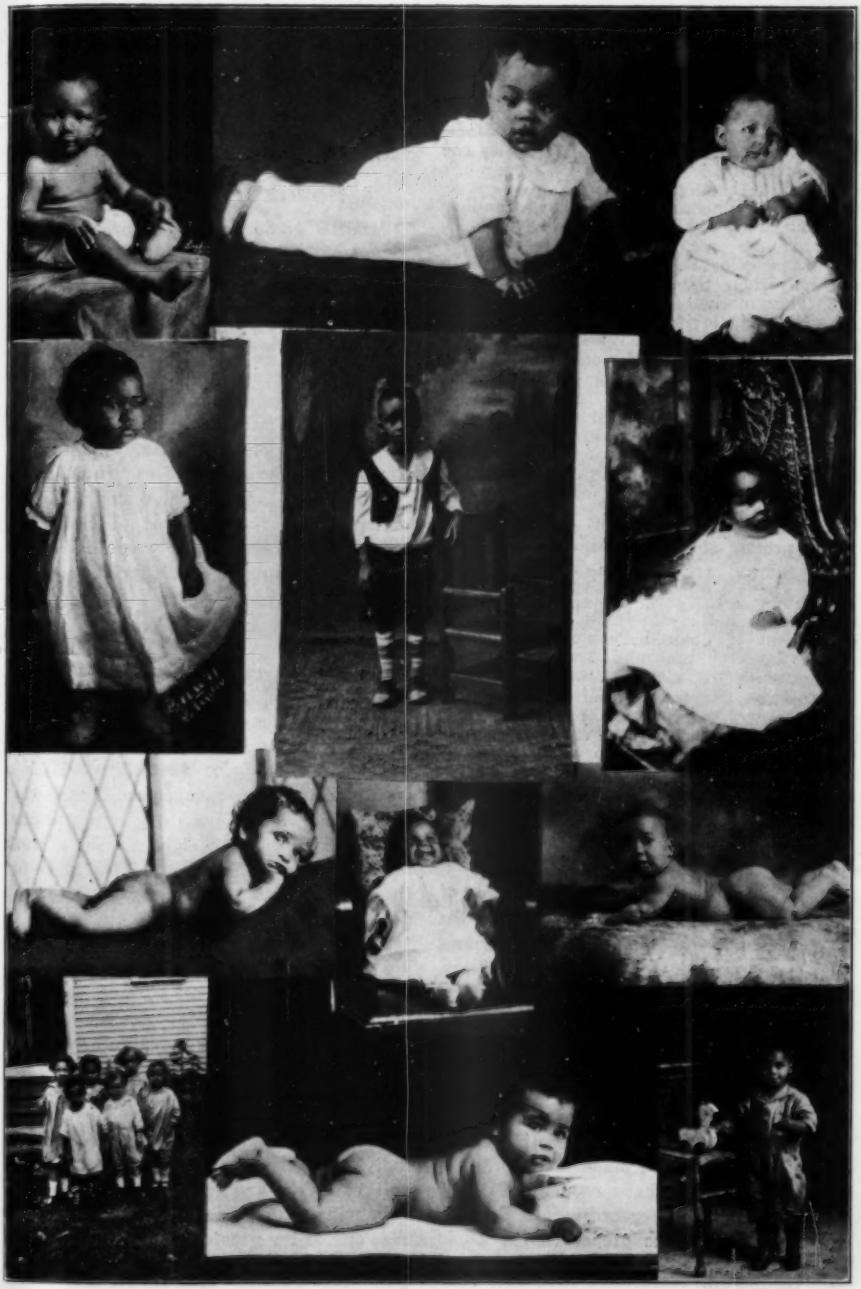
"Friends of Inez," he said, "I am her father. I feel it my duty to speak out against all injustice as she always did. If I did not I think her spirit would rise from the grave and say to me: 'Dad, why were you afraid?'

"And so I want to remind you that in the first suffrage parade Inez herself demanded that the colored women be allowed to march. And now today we were told that it would mar the program to have these guests of mine on the program. I have nothing to say except that Inez believed in equal rights for everybody."

It was a tense moment but one brave soul crossed, took his hand and others quickly followed. Neither Mr. Scott nor I wished to speak but the people demanded it.

Mr. Milholland said afterwards he felt the spirit of Inez urging him on. Mr. Scott knew about it as one of the women had tried to explain the situation to him during the church services. Dean Slowe was already feeling the force of their "freedom" cry having been treated badly at the Inn in the morning.

In the afternoon we ascended to Mt. Inez on Mr. Milholland's estate to witness the Pageant. There were nearly a thousand participants, and between ten and twelve thousand observers seated on the mountainside. It was a wonderful natural stage and the scenic effect good. But to me it was but a farce for it did not have behind it that great principle of Inez Milholland's life—Righteousness. The torch to me was



L. R. Hampton, Jr.
Ocala, Fla.
Lois Woolford
Baltimore, Md.
Hortense Lissimore
Wheeling, W. Va.
A Group
Columbus, O.

Harry Chandler, Jr.
Greensboro, N. C.
Cromwell P. West
Newport, R. I.
Phyllis Scott
Milwaukee, Wis.
Lula Gomez
Durham, N. C.

Mamie Pleasant
Savannah, Ga.
Harriet Sanders
Washington, D. C.
Fortunatus Ricard
Chicago, Ill.
Joseph Barnett
Chicago, Ill.

the symbol of bigotry rather than liberty. Some things stand out in this experience:

1. Inez Milholland's grave at Lewes, overshadowed by those same mountains that tower above the grave of John Brown at Placid. Both martyrs to the cause of freedom; both deserving our lasting homage.
2. John Milholland, the father, standing out alone at his daughter's grave pleading for recognition and respect for those colored Americans who desired to pay their tribute to his daughter.
3. The mother — generous and warm-hearted, loving life and humanity — placing a flaming wreath in the middle of the purple and yellow mass that covered the grave.
4. The final prophecy for the future which can become real only when the vision shall change and there shall creep into it a touch of colored women who shall not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the Golden Rule.

Following the incident, the National Office wired protest at the discrimination against Dean Slowe, Mrs. Hunton, and Dr. Scott as follows:

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in the name of one hundred thousand Americans white and colored protests against the cowardly capitulation to race prejudice by the National Woman's Party at the grave of Inez Milholland an active member of our Association in her lifetime who would have repudiated such a position as you have taken. If capitulation to race prejudice is to be the price of election of women to office we sincerely hope that every one of your candidates will be defeated in the coming election."

A few days later, two representatives of the National Woman's Party called at the National Office for the purpose, according to their statement, of explaining the "misunderstanding" which had arisen. Mrs. Gaeta Wold Boyer who, according to *The New York Times*, made the statement that since the Woman's Party was attempting to elect women to Congress from Southern states, the presence of Negroes at Meadowmount was embarrassing, denied that either she or Alice Paul had made statements attributed to them by that newspaper. It was suggested to the representatives of the Woman's Party that the proper course would be for them to request a correction from *The New York Times* and then call upon those who had made charges based upon the news account in *The Times*. They were also given facts of previous apathy and hostility to the interests of colored women by Miss Paul and the Woman's Party.

The Association volunteered to send out through its press service whatever statement the Woman's Party wished to make directly in answer to the charges the Association made against it.

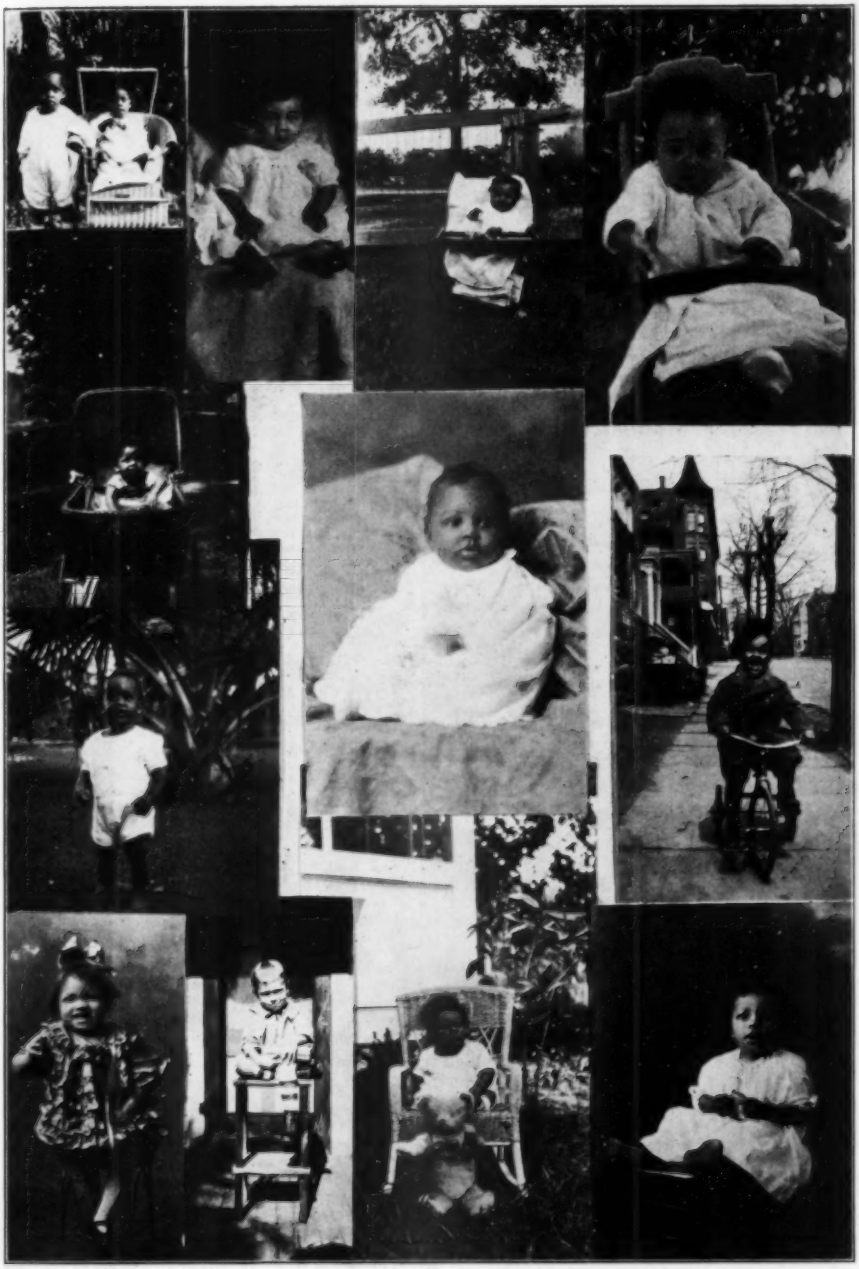
HONOR ROLL BRANCHES

THERE is no better or surer criterion of the worth of an organization than in the financial support which it receives year after year from its membership. Judged by this standard, the N. A. A. C. P. occupies today the strongest position it has ever held. For fifteen years its growth has been slow but sure. It has won for itself the confidence and respect of white and colored people in all parts of the country and today it is just on the threshold of greater effectiveness and larger achievement, due to larger support on the part of those who believe in the cause it represents.

In 1922, 37 branches met their apportionments; in 1923, 41; while in 1924 to September 11th, 81 branches have paid in full their apportionments.

Another interesting comparison is the total paid by all branches on apportionment. In 1922, the sum was $30,902.97. Due to several reasons, this amount decreased somewhat in 1923 to $26,965.17. It is a matter of great encouragement to note that the branches have paid into the National Office during the first eight months of 1924 the sum of $33,167.37—some $6000 more for these eight months than for the entire year of 1923 and $2000 more than during all of 1922 which has hitherto been the banner year. This record will be even better by the end of the year for a considerable number of branches are close to their apportionment and a number of others are planning intensive campaigns during the fall which doubtless will carry them over the top. Before the first Walker awards are announced in January to the branches and individuals showing the greatest gain, there will be lively and interesting competition.

It will be noted in the list given below that one of the greatest gains over previous records has been shown by the Little Rock, Arkansas, Branch. Its apportionment for 1924 was set at $100. It has paid into the National Office $664. This splendid record has been due to the work of Mrs. Carrie L. Shepperson, a school teacher of Little Rock, who with an efficient and loyal group of



Harold and Beatrice Watson
Goldsboro, N. C.

Emily Pierce
Hinton, W. Va.

Doris Banks
Anniston, Ala.

Francis Scott
Hawkinsville, Ga.

Ella M. Rice
New Brunswick, N. J.

Caliste Francis
British Guiana

Lloyd Coleman, Jr.
Elmira, N. Y.

George Lee, Jr.
Newark, N. J.

Jacquelin Webb
Great Falls, Mass.

Charles Foster
Palatka, Fla.

Herman Sweeting
Palm Beach, Fla.

John Rhinehart, Jr.
Waterbury, Conn.

workers made this fine showing.

Another loyal worker has been Mrs. Sadie E. Stockton of New York, who has played a large part in the raising and payment to the National Office of $4,525.85—more than $1500 in excess of the apportionment assigned. Mrs. Stockton is one of the group of women which determined at the 1923 Conference at Kansas City to raise $100 a year for the Women's Defense Fund. She was largely instrumental in organizing and perfecting the successful baby contest in New York City and in the execution of the plans for the benefit given the N. A. A. C. P. by the "Runnin' Wild" Company told of in a previous issue of THE CRISIS.

MRS. SADIE E. STOCKTON

Another branch which has achieved unusual success in marked contrast to previous years is Jacksonville, Florida. Following a visit of Mr. Bagnall to Jacksonville in May, a baby contest was organized from which a little more than $350 was realized. The winning babies were Charlotte Dwight, first prize; F. W. Ervin, Jr., second prize; Amelia Lorette Myers, third prize. Through the baby contest and contributions by individuals, the Jacksonville Branch has remitted to the National Office $549.30—nearly $150 in excess of the apportionment assigned.

Below is given the full list of those branches which have met or are within a dollar or two of meeting their apportionment. This list will doubtless be added to before the end of the year.

Branch	1924 Apportionment	Paid to Sept. 11, 1924
Flagstaff, Ariz.	$ 50.00	$ 55.00
Phoenix, Ariz	50.00	50.00
Fort Smith, Ark.	75.00	81.40
Little Rock, Ark.	100.00	664.00
Pine Bluff, Ark.	100.00	165.30
Fresno, Calif.	75.00	75.40
Needles, Calif.	50.00	49.60
San Francisco, Calif.	150.00	149.55
San José, Calif.	100.00	100.05
Tehama County, Calif.	75.00	75.55
Canon City, Colo.	50.00	50.00
Pueblo, Colo.	75.00	91.20
Hartford, Conn.	300.00	355.20
New Britain, Plainville, Conn.	75.00	121.80
Jacksonville, Fla.	300.00	549.30
Key West, Fla.	50.00	47.50
Rome, Ga.	100.00	106.90
Danville, Ill.	75.00	170.35
Glencoe, Ill.	50.00	50.00
Lake County, Ill.	75.00	86.80
Peoria, Ill.	100.00	99.00
Brazil, Ind.	75.00	78.00
Fort Wayne, Ind.	75.00	75.40
French Lick, Ind.	100.00	105.70
Indianapolis, Ind.	500.00	506.29
Rushville, Ind.	50.00	61.00
South Bend, Ind.	50.00	75.85
Terre Haute, Ind.	75.00	76.00
Des Moines, Ia.	150.00	153.75
Atchison, Kans.	75.00	77.00
Garden City, Kans.	50.00	50.00
Lawrence, Kans.	75.00	75.00
Newton, Kans.	75.00	73.00
Covington, Ky.	150.00	160.00
Bay City, Mich.	50.00	50.40
Flint, Mich.	75.00	77.95
Oakland County, Mich.	50.00	56.00
Duluth, Minn.	150.00	208.35
St. Paul, Minn.	250.00	427.51
Cape Girardeau	75.00	73.60
Jefferson City, Mo.	50.00	51.50
Kansas City, Mo.	1,000.00	1,106.65
St. Louis, Mo.	1,200.00	1,547.65
Great Falls, Mont.	75.00	97.55
Alliance, Neb.	75.00	76.80
Omaha, Neb.	300.00	537.88
Atlantic City, N. J.	100.00	100.00
Montclair, N. J.	200.00	208.90
Newark, N. J.	500.00	550.95
Albany, N. Y.	50.00	58.00
Buffalo, N. Y.	200.00	234.15
Elmira, N. Y.	50.00	81.00
New Rochelle, N. Y.	100.00	99.50
New York, N. Y.	3,000.00	4,525.85
Nyack, N. Y.	75.00	74.53
Rochester, N. Y.	200.00	232.35
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	100.00	104.65
Troy, N. Y.	50.00	50.00
Durham, N. C.	100.00	123.87
Akron, Ohio	400.00	730.55
Cleveland, Ohio	1,000.00	1,105.75
Dayton, Ohio	100.00	703.05
Mansfield, Ohio	50.00	50.00
Springfield, Ohio	100.00	198.00
Toledo, Ohio	300.00	382.40
Wellsville, Ohio	50.00	50.00
Chickasha, Okla.	50.00	80.30
Logan County, Okla.	50.00	50.00
Oklahoma City, Okla.	100.00	303.90
Portland, Ore.	100.00	101.70
Chester, Pa.	50.00	54.40
Cheyney, Pa.	50.00	50.02
Lancaster, Pa.	50.00	50.00
Philadelphia, Pa.	1,200.00	1,918.43
Reading, Pa.	75.00	76.90
Providence, R. I.	500.00	616.26
Yankton, S. Dak.	50.00	50.50
Martinsville, Va.	50.00	50.50
Clarksburg, W. Va.	50.00	48.90
Gary, West Va.	100.00	192.10
Mingo County, W. Va.	50.00	71.00
	$16,175.00	$22,451.12

Ora Anderson
Buffalo, N. Y.

Irwin Herndon
Denver, Colo.

Alfred Walker
Baltimore, Md.

James and Robert Walker
Oklahoma Ciyt, Okla.

Mabel, Doris and Sarah Murphy
Atlanta, Ga.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF DETROIT

THE Detroit Junior branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was organized in 1920 at the Central High School. It reached a membership of five hundred that year but afterward died down, probably because it did not have any very clear aims or definite leadership. In 1923 Mrs. Beulah Young resigned her various activities in the church and January, 1924, called together a group of young people to reorganize the Junior branch. Over three hundred members were gathered in a short time. They represented high school students and graduates, college students and many well-educated young folk. Fifty of these were selected for leadership and through these leaders fifteen branches were established with from fifteen to two hundred members.

These branches were named after various prominent Negroes or friends of the Negro race. For instance, there is the Tubman Branch, the Dunbar Branch, the Booker T. Washington Branch, the DuBois Branch, the Phyllis Wheatley Branch, the Nat Turner Branch, the Charles Young Branch, etc. Each branch chooses its own name. They meet at churches or community houses or in private homes, and the president of each branch is a vice-president of the main branch.

The main branch meets once a week and studies the life of some great man or engages in dramatic art or talks about social etiquette and current events. There is a question box and drill in parliamentary law. Citizens are asked to come and make addresses. Each leader has complete control over his own branch and develops it in the way that he likes best.

Not only have they tried to bring in the educated and well-to-do colored children, but they have sought to reach out and get hold of other classes. Volunteers are asked who know ten or fifteen children in any part of the city whom they are willing to bring together as a group. It has been surprising how many young people have been reached in this way.

Of course, the first problem is that of entertaining these young people in their various groups. Naturally they want to dance and they are allowed to, but they try to have something more than simply dancing. There is a party once a month, but most of the meetings are for study and information. After the serious part of each program the young people usually are allowed to dance for a little time. They have had musical artists from out of the city to sing and play for them, lawn socials, street or block parties, debates, plays, musicals and various other things. They have been able to send contributions to the headquarters at New York and have some money in the general treasury.

Especially notable is the Junior N. A. A. C. P. Orchestra. It is composed of over thirty-five members and has some excellent talent. They have interested all of colored Detroit in their services, including the leading ministers of all denominations. Their motto is "Knowledge Is Power," and their colors are gold and purple. They have adopted the following pledge:

ALL

I am an American citizen. I have a right to live, to be free and to be happy, and I will try to bring life, freedom and happiness to others, by my daily deeds and by my vote when I am old enough to cast it.

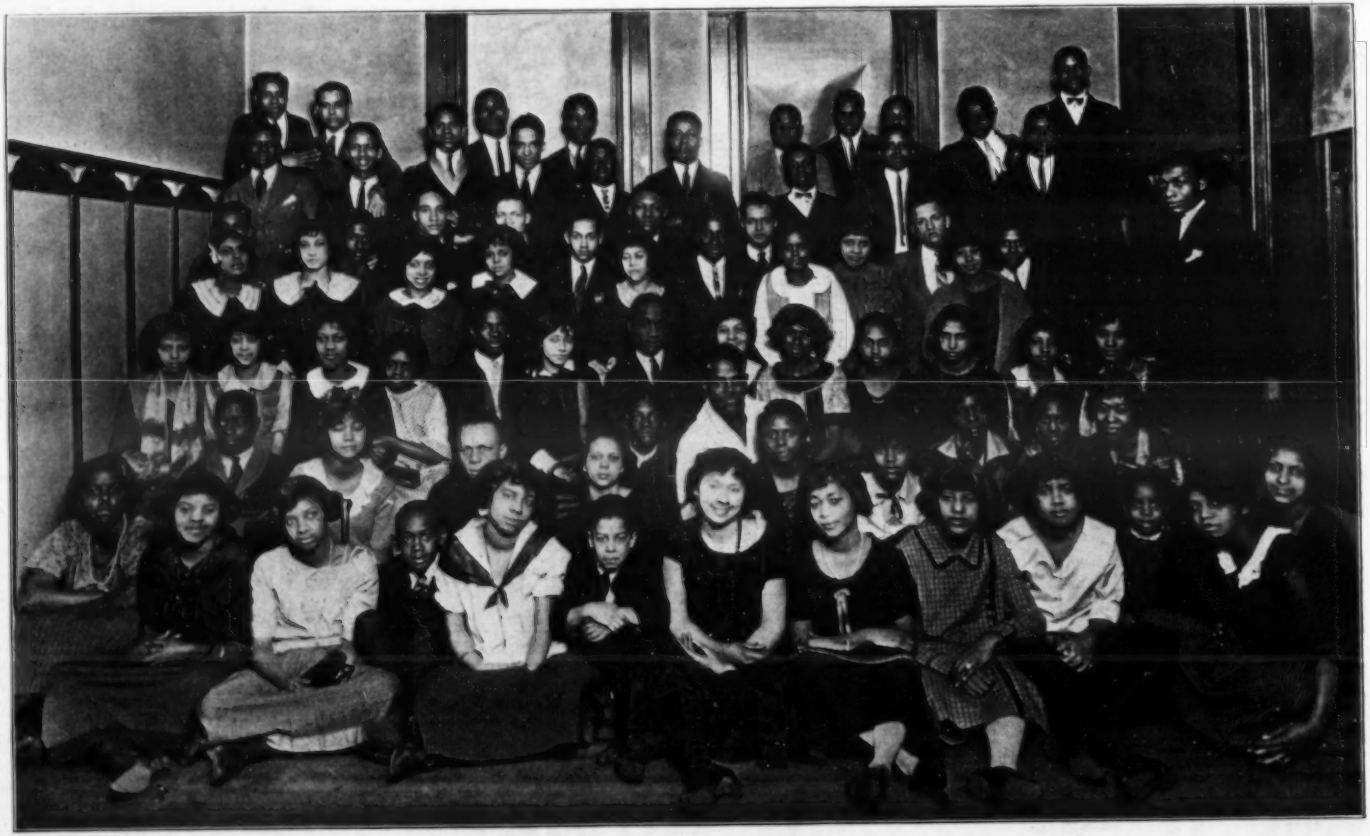
I pledge allegiance to my race. I will be proud of it and try to make it worthy of all men's pride. I will not deny my blood or be ashamed of it, but always, at home, at work, at school and at play I will remember who I am and what I represent and how high my aim must be. I will try hard to finish the grammar and high school courses and then if possible I will go to college in order to make the very best of myself and of my people.

The Boys

I pledge allegiance to all women of my race. I will honor and love my mother and sister and the mothers and sisters and daughters of all my people of every rank and place. I will guard them and protect them. I will be clean and honest for their sakes, and I will make for them a beautiful home where we may share all the glory and good which Life may bring me.

The Girls

I pledge allegiance to all men of my race. I will honor and love my father and my brother and the fathers, brothers and sons of all my people of every rank and place.



THE JUNIOR BRANCH N. A. A. C. P., DETROIT, MICH.

I will be true to them and cherish them. I will be clean and honest for their sakes and I will make for them a beautiful home where we may share all the glory and good which Life may bring me.

All

We believe in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, because it is a body born one hundred years after Abraham Lincoln and is a union of American men and women who strive to make America a real democracy by abolishing slavery, ignorance, disfranchisement and insult based on color or race.

We will strive to realize the aims of this great organization by giving to it our time and money and work.

USE THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

DAVID H. PIERCE

IS the Negro doing his share toward forming valuable contacts with his white neighbor? Is he bending every possible effort to make himself known, to let his neighbor understand that if he is sorry he will cry, and if he is happy he will smile?

The thought occurs to me when I review the twenty-two years I have spent in the educational world, either as a student or teacher. In all this time, though I have lived for the most part in communities friendly to the black man, I have never listened to a lecture by an intelligent Negro, or unintelligent for that matter. It was necessary for me to seek the educated Negro to know him. My students and colleagues, who were not so inclined, have never met him. Has the Negro performed his share to make contacts possible?

The N. A. A. C. P. is a flourishing organization with branches in strategic localities. The branches wield sufficient influence to secure a hearing before school officials. I contend that branches have been negligent in failing to secure for representative Negroes an opportunity to lecture before pliable youth.

As a teacher I can assert frankly that the white child, no matter how well disposed he may be toward his colored classmate, knows the Negro only as well-behaved or unruly. But as a human being with vital every-day problems to face, the Negro is unknown to him. I do not minimize for a moment the white man's responsibility for the lack of understanding. But we cannot afford to forget the truth of the adage, "The Lord helps him who helps himself."

My plea, therefore, is for an intensive campaign by Negro organizations to secure opportunities for Negroes to address the students of our educational institutions. When a Negro porter was given an opportunity to appear before a Dartmouth class, the news was heralded from coast to coast. The incident should become as commonplace as newspaper church announcements.

Let the Negro make himself known. The Negro press cannot do the work. It is not read by whites. The Negro church addresses itself to Negroes alone. But the Negro lecturer, race conscious, but at the same time not minimizing the essential unity of humanity, is in a position to introduce the Negro to the most receptive of whites—the child.

No branch of the N. A. A. C. P. should permit a school year to pass without at least one healthy contact with the whites of the community. Norman Angell, the British pacifist, apropos of international conflict, relates a story of a gentleman who was berating a second individual.

"You do not like Mr. G. Are you well acquainted with him?" inquired his companion.

"I never met him in my life. If I did, I might like the man."

It is the same with the Negro. The white man must meet him. And instead of "knowing his place," the Negro must demand the introduction by seeking to occupy the school rostrum, the friendly pulpit, and the lecture platform. Of the three the school contact can secure the most beneficial results. The seed is most fertile, and the audience is assured. Shall it be possible in the future for a white educator to spend a quarter of a century in education without meeting in the schools a single presentation of the Negro problem by a Negro?

Mediocre singers and, unfortunately, third-rate clowns, have been the type that have influenced the white school children. And they have left the impression that the Negro is a chosen race of buffoons, whose aspirations lie solely in their dancing and their singing. But as a human being with the identical aspirations of the white, yellow, or brown man, the Negro is unknown.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

GIVE us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors.

Stevenson.

IN PERIODICALS

Negro communities in Tidewater, Virginia.—*School and Society, June* 28.

Wanted, a Negro Novelist. A. Mulder.—*Independent,* June 21.

White World as seen by the American Negro. G. E. Haynes.—*Missionary Review, July* 24.

Howard, the National University of the Negro. E. J. Scott.—*School Life,* June.

THE WORLD AND US

TEN years after the beginning of the Great War, the world is trying to remember the bare truth that war is murder and evil, sorrow and poverty. Despite this, in the United States the militarists are trying to celebrate Defense Day.

¶ The London agreement between France, England, Belgium, Italy and Germany, is an attempt to restore Europe by loaning money to Germany in order to stabilize the value of her money and then to give her a chance to re-establish industry and trade. From the profits of this re-established trade, Germany is to try and pay reparations assessed upon her by the Treaty of Versailles. How much she can pay and how quickly, we do not know but at any rate this London plan is better than the war in the Ruhr which France attempted.

¶ All of the great nations of the world except the United States, Russia and Germany are meeting in world parliament in Geneva. The League of Nations is the most hopeful movement of world coöperation which we have today. Abyssinia, Liberia and Haiti are represented there and the League is the guardian of the former German colonies in Africa.

¶ The attempt to establish prosperity by dictatorship in Italy and Spain is not as successful as the attempt to establish prosperity in Russia by another sort of dictatorship. In all three cases, Democracy is discredited but if we cannot depend on Democracy, on what can we depend?

¶ Joseph Conrad, the great novelist, is dead. Young colored folk who want to write should read his life and his novels.

¶ At Wembley, which is outside of London, England, there has been going on this summer a great exhibit of the resources of the British Empire. Among these, Africa has played a striking part. Wembley is another step in the coming of the re-birth of black folk.

POLITICS

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES at the 15th annual conference of the N. A. A. C. P. says:

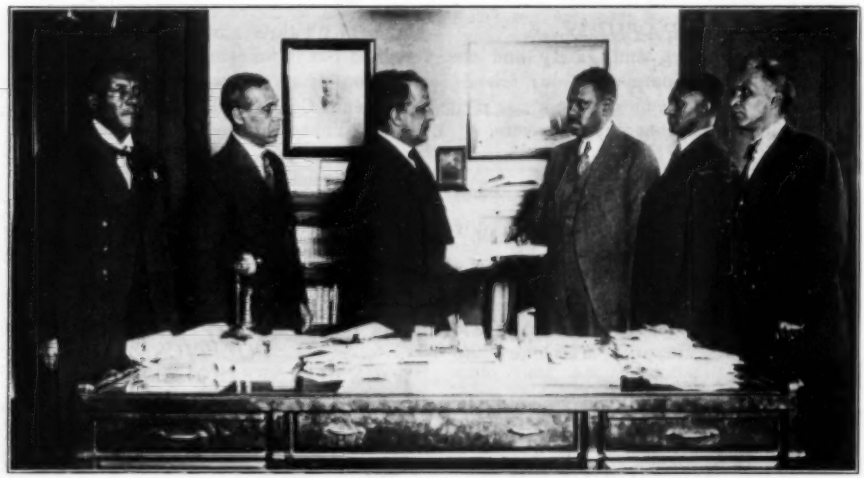
I must insist that because a man is a Negro is no reason in itself why he should receive, or expect to receive, a political appointment. A black skin is no more a qualification for office than a white skin. To recognize an individual for his race, religion, party, or for anything other than his own innate character and ability, is a betrayal not only of our country, but of our common humanity. For the Negro to ask or demand recognition because he is a Negro, is for himself to put his race apart, and therefore one side, in a separate class asking for separate treatment—treatment which is sure to be more often that of degradation than of exaltation. To ask no favors is the first step toward receiving no disfavors. Surely the time has come for the Negro to ask, and demand, in the political as in every other walk of life, that he be regarded *not* as a Negro, but simply and solely, and also completely, as a *man.*

So I ask the Negro to put aside this quest of patronage—to become something more than a political beggar. The day for this has passed.

Think of bothering about public offices when there is lynching to be stopped, free education to be won, political rights to be protected, social equality to be vindicated! Which brings me to my second point! I ask that the Negro persistently set before himself, and all his fellow-countrymen who love justice. some one great goal of achievement on behalf of equality and right. This goal thus sought at any one time should be concrete and therefore single. "This one thing I do," said St. Paul! The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is at this moment a perfect example of what I mean. We have set our hands today to this plow, and we are going to drive it till we reach the end of the furrow in victory.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS, U. S. A.

JEFFERSON S. COAGE



THE COMMISSION TO THE VIRGIN ISLANDS
Commissioners G. H. Woodson and J. S. Coage, Secretary of Labor Davis; Commissioners C. E. Mitchell, C. R. Richardson and W. H. C. Brown

THE Virgin Islands, purchased in 1917 from Denmark, for the sum of twenty-five millions, was one of the best investments the United States Government has ever made.

Over a period of fifty years our Government had been advised by five great Secretaries of State—Seward, Olney, Foster, Hay, and Lansing—to purchase the Virgin Islands because of their strategic and commercial advantage to North and South America.

Before the World War, Germany had practically demonstrated her appreciation of the vast maritime and commercial facilities of these islands by having gained the control of the entire business of the West Indies, Central and South America. Had any nation owned these islands whose interests were inimical to ours, the last war would not have ended when it did and might have ended otherwise. These people voted unanimously to come under our flag. They helped save us in time of war, and it is our duty to help save them in time of peace.

Our Congress simply obtained sovereignty over these islands, and left them under a Danish regime administered by an American personnel. No complaint can be registered against the officers carrying into effect these archaic laws and customs.

Miserable and pitiable beyond description are the living conditions of the masses of inhabitants in the Virgin Islands. One of the causes of these terrible conditions is the limited rain-fall per year. Because of this limited supply of water, crops perish, cattle die, and thousands of natives are idle. By an extended system of conservation and irrigation this condition can be remedied.

The Volstead Act, which stops vessels with liquor aboard from calling at the port of St. Thomas, has ruined the commercial activities of this island. These same vessels, however, may call at Panama, Hawaii, or the Philippines, also American possessions, and leave without violating this Act. I consider this an unwarranted discrimination against the Virgin Islands. They should enjoy all commercial privileges and immunities under our laws that our other possessions have.

The coast-wise laws prohibit foreign bottoms from entering the Virgin Islands and trading with the natives. These ports depend upon foreign trade and should not be closed. Under Denmark these ports were

kept open to the commerce of the world. Our Government should practice its "open-door" policy here.

Another reason for the industrial paralysis of these islands is due to the application of our quarantine law. No vessel may enter and leave these ports between sunset and sunrise, however urgent her claim may be for sailing. The Dutch, British, and French West Indies have no such law and thereby get the trade that would otherwise come to the Virgin Islands.

The Lutheran, Wesleyan Methodist, Roman Catholic, Dutch-Reformed, Episcopal, and African Methodist Episcopal churches are all doing very creditable work among the natives. But, wherever you find the majority of the people anywhere undernourished, underfed, and suffering from malnutrition, moral and religious training will not sink very deep into the fibre of that people.

A new organic act is essential in the rehabilitation of these islands. Two classes exist in these islands only—the estate owner and the manager, and the peasant. Out of the population of twenty-five thousand natives, only about eight hundred have the right to vote. No women vote in the Virgin Islands, under the American Flag, and no male, unless he is twenty-five years of age, and has an income of five dollars per month (peasant). If a manager or owner, twenty-five dollars per month. Limited space here prevents further detail, but I doubt very much if there is any other part of the world under such a Government as ours where working people are compelled to exist under similar miserable and deplorable conditions as in the Virgin Islands. These conditions can be remedied and Congress alone can produce the relief.

The Horizon

¶ Willis N. Huggins was born in Selma, Alabama, in 1886, and trained at Selma University and Columbia University. He taught in Alabama until he was driven out because he led in the prosecution of a white man charged with criminal assault upon a colored girl. He then became a teacher in the public schools of Chicago and recently received a $300 prize in a contest on character education conducted in the states of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. He has been a teacher of defective children in New York City, and has just been appointed to teach in the high schools. This summer he has been studying abroad.

¶ Melville Charlton received the degree of Doctor of Music at the last commencement of Howard University. He is an Associate of the American Guild of Organists and for

W. N. Huggins M. Charlton Mrs. Randall Mrs. Randolph Dr. Townsend

MR. SMITH AND FAMILY

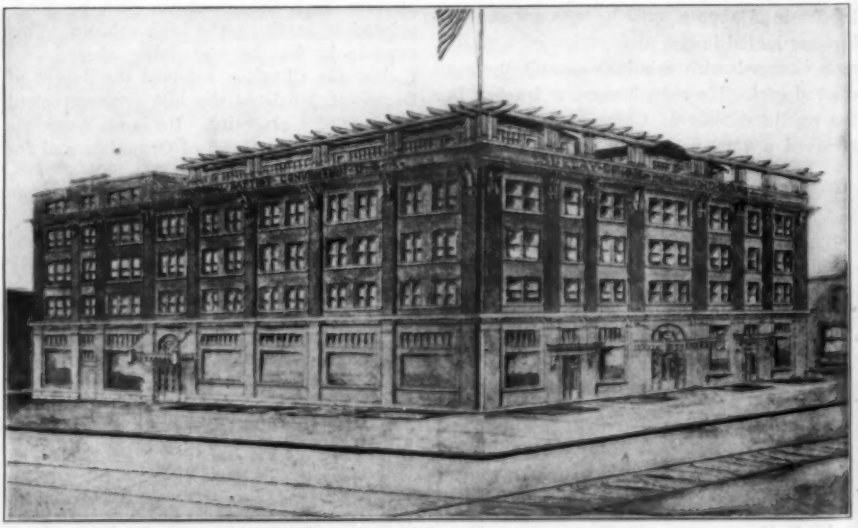
13 years has played the organ at the Sunday services of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. He has received many commendations for his splendid technique.

¶ Mrs. Mayme Randall of Toledo, was born in Kansas in 1870. She came to Toledo, Ohio, when a girl of fourteen and studied music, graduating finally at the Toledo Conservatory. She married Thomas H. Randall and at her recent death left a son and daughter and three grand children. Mrs. Randall was an effective social worker and the founder of the Colored Working Girls' Home which, on her death, she left free of debt.

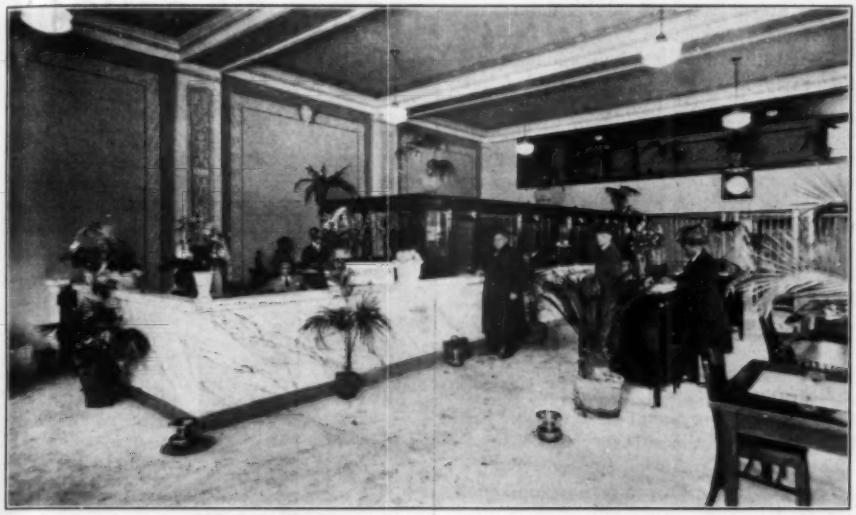
¶ One of the forceful colored women of America is the Rev. Florence Randolph, a missionary and evangelist of the Zion Church. Mrs. Randolph has been President of the Missionary Society and has visited various parts of the west coast of Africa. She is also a leader of the women of New Jersey in politics.

¶ John Freeman Smith for seven years was Alderman of Kamloops, British Columbia, Canada, and for 11 years secretary of the Board of Trade. Afterward he was made Judge and Indian agent. As he is the only colored man in Kamloops he has been elected entirely by white voters. For a number of years he was editor of the local paper. He landed in Victoria, Canada, in 1872 as a poor boy and today he is one of the wealthiest men in British Columbia paying taxes on $100,000 worth of real estate beside owning stock. He married a local white girl in 1877 and had several children.

FIRST STANDARD BANK, LOUISVILLE, KY.



PUBLISHING HOUSE, NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION, (INC.)



INTERIOR FIRST STANDARD BANK, LOUISVILLE, KY.

All of his surviving children are graduates of the University of British Columbia. His only son, Sergeant L. A. Smith, was killed in the Great War.

¶ On September 10th to 15th there was dedicated at Nashville the new and beautiful publishing house building of the National Baptist Convention (incorporated). The building is 82 by 150 feet and six stories high, with basement and recreation rooms. It is fire proof and when completed will cost $650,000. Dr. L. K. Williams of Chicago is president of the convention; Mr. R. B. Hudson of Selma, Alabama, secretary. The building will be used by the Sunday school publication board, of which the Rev. E. M. Lawrence is chairman and the Rev. A. M. Townsend secretary. It will also be general headquarters of the convention. The building was financed and constructed by Negroes.

¶ In May, 1920, Wilson Lovett started the organization of the First Standard Bank of Louisville, Ky. By October he had sold $100,000 worth of stock and in November the bank was incorporated. It opened for business February 5, 1921. Recently its capital and surplus have been increased to $220,000 and it has become a combined banking and trust company. Its total re-

N. A. A. C. P. PROPAGANDA AT AMERICAN LAWYER'S ASSOCIATION, LONDON

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

sources are over a half million dollars and its deposits $400,000.

¶ The Juilliard Musical Foundation will offer early in October 100 musical fellowships through competitive examination each to be valued at $1000 for study with the best possible teachers. Students in piano, voice, instruments played with bow, and musical composition are admitted provided they meet the following requirements: Age, 16 to 30 years; academic preparation, high school education or its equivalent. For further information address immediately The Juilliard Musical Foundation, 49 East 52nd Street, New York City.

¶ The Eighth Annual Convention of Mme. C. J. Walker Agents has been held in New York City. Three hundred and seventy-five delegates from almost every state in the Union and from three foreign countries were registered. An impressive pilgrimage was made to the grave of Mme. Walker, where memorial services were held, tributes paid in her memory and wreaths placed upon her grave. Attorney F. B. Ransom, Mrs. Mae Walker Jackson and Mr. Harry D. Evans officially represented the Mme. C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company at this convention.

¶ The Abyssinian Baptist Church of New York City, the Rev. A. Clayton Powell, pastor, held a summer Chautauqua during mid-August. Noted speakers of both races appeared on the program which extended over a period of one week. The musical and literary features of the program were of an exceptionally high order, as some of the outstanding talent of the race had been engaged for the occasion. The Chautauqua was under the management of Attorney Myrtle B. Anderson.

¶ We have been asked concerning the college colors of Negro colleges. They are as follows:

Howard University	Blue and White
Fisk University	Blue and Gold
Atlanta University	Crimson and Gray
Morehouse College	Maroon
Lincoln University	Orange and Blue
Virginia Union University	Red and Steel
Johnson C. Smith University	Blue and Gold
Livingstone College	Black and Sky Blue
Wiley College	Purple and White
Knoxville College	Garnet and Blue
Wilberforce University	Gold and Green
Bishop College	Blue
Shaw University	Garnet and White
The West Virginia Collegiate Institute	Old Gold and Black
Virginia Normal & Industrial Institute	Orange and Blue
Meharry Medical College	Crimson and Black
Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute	Dark Blue and White

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